

CHIEF CRAZY SNAKE READY TO SURRENDER

sends White Flag to Commander of State Troops. But Wants Guarantee of Fair Treatment.

Sheriff is Pleased and Will Assure Creek Leader of Fair Trial and Protection—Happy End of What Looked Like a Nasty Mess.

Henrietta, Okla., March 30.—Like a famous old time General, Chief Crazy Snake, having marched up the hill, is ready to march down. From the rocky ravine where the old chief and his band of half-breeds, took their desperate stand in their effort to overthrow William Howard Taft's government, came the silent wailing of the white flag.

Chief Crazy Snake is ready to surrender. Jack Thompson, whose Indian name is "Little War Hog" has come from headquarters with a promise that Chief Crazy Snake is anxious to feel the grip of his teeth on the stem of the peace pipe. So goes the message.

"He now wants to surrender to you," said Thompson to the sheriff. Then he explained that the chief was ready to give himself up to the soldiers if they would guarantee fair treatment. Sheriff Oram is pleased, the soldiers are pleased, and the peace terms will be made. Sheriff Oram assured Thompson that Crazy Snake would be given a fair trial if he would give himself up. Then the envoy rode back to the Indian camp.

Thompson told the chief's wife of the story of the killing of Oram and Baum. Crazy Snake, the envoy said, was in the creek when the shooting began. The chief claims that he took part in it and he fired his own rifle at the officers. But he says he shot in self-defense. Sheriff Oram's son, who was killed Saturday when the clash occurred and the sheriff was moved as Thompson related the chief's solemn declaration that he had not killed the officer's son and that he was grieved that the killing had occurred.

"If you shoot white man's son, him to shoot, still had to," said Thompson. He declared that the deputies rode up to the house and opened fire on the Indians, endangering those within. It was then, he said, the Indians inside threw their guns through the window and fired. It was not until the soldiers were on their track that the old chief saw that he would be killed and that his band would be wiped out that he retreated from the house, burning his camp and fleeing to where he has since camped. It was reported that an Indian had fallen and was burned in the house. The chief's wife said, however, that the Indian was taken away.

Oklahoma City, Okla., March 30.—There is an anxious waiting here for the return of the Indian hunt at Hickory. A party of one of the officers engaged in the Indian hunt at Hickory found and a deputy were killed in a fight with Crazy Snake's band.

Pierce, the town nearest the place where the Indians have been camped, is still deserted to day. The residents left after dark last night and they have not yet returned in spite of Crazy Snake's offer to surrender.

After the white men living there had disappeared, the Indians went in the direction of Checotah, twenty Indian horsemen rode through the town. The Indians were seen to be burning outside the village. Late last night a house west of Pierce was burned. It is thought the fire was started by the Indians.

THIS MAN'S DAUGHTER
STELLA WAS VERY ILL

He Could Not Endure to be Without Her and Swallowed Cyanide.

Niantic, March 30.—D. E. Stone, 50 years old, a farmer, committed suicide yesterday by taking cyanide of potassium at his home on the Spiritualist camp-ground here. Stone had been responsible for the past few days over the illness of his daughter, Stella, who was in the New Haven hospital, and during the day remained in bed, unable to get up. Barrett who on his arrival went to the room. The door was locked and when the doctor called Stella's name he was answered by a shot from a revolver, the bullet crashing through the lower part of the door. A deputy sheriff was called and accompanied by Dr. Barrett they returned.

Breaking into the room they found Stella lying on the bed, a glass lying on a table near the bed and a package which had contained the cyanide lying on a bureau. The revolver was found on the bed near Stone's left hand.

He leaves a widow and seven children, and previous to his coming here lived in Cheshire.

DEATH FROM A BROKEN HEART

ROBERT THOMPSON SUCCUMBS TO GRIEF FOR BOY SPOILED TO HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED.

Lowell, March 30.—Grief-stricken for the loss of a baby boy who may be the prey of kidnappers, Robert Thompson, 70 years old, is dead here to-day dead of a broken heart. Thompson lived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Howarth, from where his son William, aged two years and two months has been missing for several days.

The police believe that the boy was drowned in the Merrimack river, not far from his home. The boy's playmate, a child named William, was asked where William went.

ASKS \$10,000 OF MOTHER-IN-LAW FOR WIFE'S LOVE

New Haven Brings Unique Suit Against Brass City Woman

Wife Was at One Time in an Insane Asylum, But on Application of Mother Was Released—Now Refuses to Live With Husband.

New Haven, March 30.—Accused of stealing the affections of her daughter, Mrs. Calvin D. Pinney, a well-known woman who resides in Waterbury has been made defendant in a suit brought by her daughter's husband, Harry W. Stevens, of this city, through his attorney, Charles Martin, of West Haven. Mr. Stevens is 23 years old and employed in the engineering department at Yale. Deputy Sheriff Peter J. McNamara of this city has given a body writ to serve on Mrs. Pinney, who is in Waterbury with her daughter.

The complaint alleges that the plaintiff married the defendant's daughter three years ago and until October of last year lived happily together. In October, the defendant's wife, who was before her marriage to Harry Stevens, Miss Ruby Pinney, and now in a church choir in Waterbury, had a child born and later became mentally unbalanced.

First Selectman Main of West Haven, who the couple then resided, refused to grant a certificate of residence in that borough, but Judge Studdley of the probate court thought that the conditions warranted the commitment and ordered it.

Not long after that Mrs. Pinney carried away her daughter from the asylum, but the authorities compelled her return for five weeks more.

The plaintiff alleges that Mrs. Pinney made statements to him regarding her conduct and misrepresented the conditions of the affair so that she would not return to him. It is alleged she has completely recovered her sanity.

NO ATTACK UPON THE EX-PRESIDENT

"Nonsense to Send out Such a Story," Says Mr. Roosevelt at the Azores.

Santa, Azores, March 30.—Ex-President Roosevelt took occasion during the few hours that the steamer Hamburg stopped here on route to Naples, to express his indignation over reports that he would be attacked. He said that he would be attacked if he had been made an inmate of the Hamburg by an insane Italian named Giuseppe Tosti, a passenger. "It's nonsense to send out such a story," Mr. Roosevelt said with characteristic energy. The man may have made the remark, but I never saw him and didn't know anything about it until the poor fellow was put in irons.

Mr. Roosevelt's captain also minimized the Tosti affair and it was by his orders that none of the correspondents were allowed to send back a wire. The Tosti affair concerning the incident. Not until the Hamburg touched at this port and a telegraph office available was the news sent out.

Mr. Roosevelt never appeared in more robust health than when he came ashore here. The week's comparative inactivity in the woods going in the direction of Checotah, twenty Indian horsemen rode through the town. The Indians were seen to be burning outside the village. Late last night a house west of Pierce was burned. It is thought the fire was started by the Indians.

CASTORIA.
The Kid You Have Always Bought
MISS SAFFORD FOUND HER LOVER FALSE
She Also Selected End by Dose of Burning Carbolic Acid.

Middletown Conn., March 30.—Because he learned that the man about to marry this week already had a wife and six children, Miss Mary C. Safford of Rockfall, in a fit of despondency, ended her life Saturday afternoon by taking carbolic acid.

Miss Safford, who was 43 years old, kept house for her father, and they were about to be married. She was a watchman for the Rogers Manufacturing company. He had lived in Rockfall for about seven years and had for some time been attentive to Miss Safford.

About ten days ago her father learned that Crater had a wife and six children, who are at present living in Philadelphia. As soon as the fact became known, Crater disappeared.

Miss Safford became very despondent and Saturday evening about 6 o'clock her father found her lying dead on her bed, with a bottle beside her that had contained carbolic acid.

Crater is about 53 years old. It is not known where he has gone.

POWERS PRESENT NOTE TO SERVIA

Belgrade, March 30.—The note of the Powers to Servia, the presentation of which was delayed owing to the Russian minister not having received instructions from the Foreign Office to-day. The British, French, German, Austrian and Italian ministers joined in the presentation. The Foreign Office repeats its willingness to abide by the terms of the note.

The former Crown Prince George and his younger brother, exchanged titles this morning as a result of an edict issued by King Peter. The exchange was made in order that the name of the younger brother might come before that of George as heir to the throne.

ELLERY KENT ON TRIAL FOR MURDER

Rutland, Vt., March 30.—Ellery Kent, 30, was placed on trial in the county court here today before Judge E. L. Waterman.

JANE GABLE

GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON,
Author of "Beverly of Graustark,"
Etc.

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(Continued.)



CHAPTER XX.

RAYDON sat with his chin in his hands, dull stricken, crushed. He had heard the story of his father's baseness from Frances Cable, and he had been told the true story of Jane. From Rigby he learned of the vile transactions in which his father had dealt.

At first he could scarcely believe his own ears, but in the end he saw that half the truth could be told. It was past midnight when he left David Cable's—not to go to his own home, but to that of Elias Droom. He knew now that the newspaper would devote columns to the "sensation in high life," he knew that Jane would suffer agonies untold, but he would not blame his father for that; he knew that arrest and disgrace hung over the tall gray man who had shown his true and amazing side at last; he knew that shame and humiliation were to be his own share in the division. Down somewhere in his aching heart he nourished the hope that Elias Droom could ease the pain of these wretched disclosures.

As he traversed the dark streets across town he was vaguely wondering whether Jane's eyes would ever look the pained, hopeful expression he had last seen in them. He wondered whether she would retract her avowal that she could not be his wife with the shame upon her; he rejoiced in her tearless, lifeless promise to hold him in no fault for what had happened.

Distressed and miserable, he spent the remainder of the night in Elias Droom's squalid room, sitting before the little stove which his host replenished from time to time during the weary hours.

Droom answered his questions with a direct tenderness that surprised even himself. He kept much to himself, however, and advised the young man to reserve judgment until after he had heard his father's side of the story.

"I've been loyal to James Bansemer, Graydon, and I'll still be loyal to him. He's not done right by other people, but he has tried to do right by you."

"If he wanted to do right by me, why did he not tell me of Jane's misfortune?" exclaimed the young man bitterly.

"Because he really wanted you to marry her. Anybody can see she is without a flaw. That's the truth, Graydon. Your father was wrong in his desire to make capital of it in connection with Mrs. Cable. I told him so. I don't believe he knew just what he was doing; he was so used to success, you see. Can't you go to sleep, boy? You need it."

"God, no!" "I'd advise you to go home and talk it over with your father."

"Tomorrow will be time enough—after the newspapers are out. I can't bear to think of the disgrace. Harbert has been interviewed, they say. He's told everything."

"Talk to your father tonight, my boy. There may be—may be warrants tomorrow."

The young man dropped his head on his arm and burst into tears. Old Droom puffed vigorously at his pipe, his eyes shifting and uncomfortable. Twice he attempted to speak and could not. In both instances he arose and poked the fire. At last the young man's choking sobs grew less violent.

"I don't believe he knew just what he was doing; he was so used to success, you see. Can't you go to sleep, boy? You need it."

"You wouldn't think it to look at me now, or any other time for that matter, but I loved a woman once—a long time ago. She never knew it. I didn't expect her to love me. How could I? Don't cry, Graydon. You're not like I was. The girl you love loves you. Cheer up. If I were you I'd go ahead and make her my wife. She's good enough. I'll swear."

"I don't want to marry her. Good heavens, Elias! You don't know what a blow it was to her. It almost killed her. And my own father! Oh, it was terrible!"

tions that were going to the public. The old clerk chuckled and philosophized.

Every one of these papers prophesied other and more sensational developments before the day was over. It promised to be war to the knife between David Cable, president of the Pacific, Lakes and Atlantic, and the man Bansemer. In each interview with Cable he was quoted as saying emphatically that the adoption of Jane had been made with his knowledge and consent. The supposed daughter was the only one to whom the startling revelations were a surprise. There also was mention of the fact that the young woman had immediately broken back with the knife and slashed Bansemer's nose. There were pictures of the leading characters in the drama.

"I can't stay in Chicago after all this," exclaimed Graydon, springing to his feet, his hands clinched in despair. "To be pointed out and talked about! To be pitied and scorned! To see the degradation of my own father! I'll go anywhere, just so it is away from Chicago."

Droom forgot his desire to scoff. His sardonic smile dwindled into a ludicrously pathetic look of dismay. He begged the young man to think twice before he did anything "foolish." "In any event," he implored, "let me get you some breakfast, or at least a cup of coffee."

In the end he helped Graydon into his coat and glided off down Wells street with him. It was 7 o'clock, and every corner newsstand and grocery store was thronged with people who looked at the piles of papers. Two rough looking men walking ahead of them were discussing the sensation. A saloon keeper shouted to them, "It don't always happen over on de west side, does it?"

Graydon went to the office of Clegg, Groll & Davidson early and arranged his affairs, so that they could be taken up at once by another, and then, avoiding his fellow workers as much as possible, he went to the office of Clegg at 10 o'clock. Without hesitation he announced his intention to give up his place in the office. All argument put forth by his old friend and employer went for naught. The cause of his action was not discussed, but it was understood.

"If you ever want to come back to us, Graydon, we will welcome you with open arms. It isn't as bad as you think."

"You don't understand, Mr. Clegg," was all the Graydon could say. Then he hurried off to face his father.

James Bansemer, haggard from loss of sleep and from fury over the alienation of his son, together with the fear of what the day might bring, was pacing the floor of his private office. Droom had eased his mind but little in regard to his son. When he heard Graydon's voice in the other room his face brightened, and he took several quick steps toward the door. He checked himself suddenly with the remembrance that his son had turned against him the night before, and his face hardened.

Graydon found him standing stern and unfriendly before the steam radiator in the darkest corner of the room, his hands behind his back. The young man plumped down heavily in his father's desk chair.

"Why didn't you come home last night?" demanded the other.

"I hated the thought of it," he answered dejectedly.

"You're listened to their side of the story. You're a splendid son, you are!" sneered the father.

"There is nothing base and unprincipled in their side of the story. They have tried to shield her. They have never harmed her. But you! Why, father, you've blighted her life forever. They were going to tell her in a day or so, and they could have made it easy for her. Not like this! Why, I don't believe she'll ever like me like that! She's—the talk of the town. She's ostracized, that's what she is, and she's the best girl that ever lived!"

"Oh, you think they would have told her, eh? No! They would have let her marry!"

"Well, and what was your position? Why were you so considerate up to last night? If you knew, why did you let me go on so blindly? The truth is, father, if you must have it, you have acted like a scoundrel."

James Bansemer glared at his son. "I wouldn't have believed the other things they say of you if I hadn't this to break down my faith. I heard this with my own ears. It was too tempting to forget in a lifetime. I did not come here to discuss it with you. The thing is done. I came here to tell you that I am going to leave Chicago, so, so I will." Bansemer still glared at him, but there was amazement mingling with rage in his eyes. "I can't look a soul in the face I am ashamed to meet the Cables. Good Lord, I'm afraid even to think of Jane."

"I suppose you—you would marry her, like a fool, even now," muttered the father.

"Marry her? Of course I would. I love her more than ever. I'd give my life for her. I'd give my soul to ease the pain she's had to thrust upon her. But it's over between us. Don't let our affairs worry you. She has ended it. I don't blame her. How could she marry your son? I have hoped that I might not be your son, after all."

Bansemer leaned heavily against the radiator, gasping for breath. Then he staggered to the couch and dropped upon it, moaning.

"Graydon, Graydon! Don't say that! Don't! I'll make everything right. I'll try to undo it all! My boy, you are the only thing on earth I love. I've been heartless to all the rest of the world, but I love you. Don't turn against me."

Graydon. "Not like a criminal!" "No? You won't?" There was no answer. "Then there's nothing more to say. Go! Leave me alone. I had prayed that you might not have been like this. Go! I have important business to attend to at once." He cast his gaze toward the drawer in which the pistol lay. "I don't expect to see you again. Take this message to the Cables. Say that I am the only living soul who knows the names of that girl's father and mother. God alone can drag them from me!"

Graydon was silent, stunned, bewildered. His father was trembling before him, and he opened his lips to utter the question that meant so much to him. The answer came.

"Don't ask me!" cried Bansemer. "You would be the last I'd tell." "I don't believe you know!" cried Graydon.

"Ah, you think I'll tell you?" triumphantly.

"I don't want to know." He sat down, his moody gaze upon his father. Nothing spoke for many minutes. Not that he had the courage, James Bansemer finally started up with a quick look at the door. Droom was speaking to some one in the outer office.

"Go now," he said harshly. "I want to be alone."

"Father, are you—are you afraid of these charges?" His father laughed shortly and extended his hand to the young man.

"Don't worry about me. They can't do anything to me. You may leave Chicago. I'll stay! Goodbye, Graydon!" "Goodbye, dad!"

They shook hands without flinching, and the young man left the room. On the threshold the father called after him:

"Where do you expect to go?" "I don't know."

Droom was talking to a youth who held a notebook in his hand and who appeared frightened and embarrassed. Graydon shook hands with the old man. Droom followed him into the hall.

"If you ever need a friend, Graydon," he said in a low voice, "call on me. If I'm not in jail, I'll help you."

Half an hour later Graydon rang the Cables' doorbell.

"Miss Jane is not seeing any one to-day, sir," said the servant.

"Say that I must see her," protested the young man. "I'm going away to-night."

"So is she, sir."

"I don't know, sir, California, more than likely. Mrs. Cable and she will be gone for some time."

"Did she tell you not to admit me?" he asked, white faced and calm.

"Yes, sir. Nobody, sir."

He turned down the steps and walked away.

That afternoon he enlisted and the following morning was going westward with a party of recruits, bound eventually for service with the regulars in the Philippines.

At last one hot, soft morning in early July the great transport slipped past Corregidor and turned its nose across Manila bay, past Cavite, toward the anchorage which ended the long voyage. The city of Manila lay stretched out before them—Manila, the new American capital.

The troops were marched off to quarters, and the Harbina, with Jane Cable, repaired at once to the Oriente, where they were to live prior to taking a house in Ermita or San Miguel. The campaign was not being pushed vigorously at this time. It was the rainy season. Desultory fighting was going on between the troops and the insurgents. There were numerous scouting and exploring expeditions into the enemy's country.

A week elapsed before Jane could find the opportunity to make inquiries concerning the whereabouts of Graydon Bansemer. Her thoughts had been of nothing else; her eagerness had been tempered by the diffidence of the overzealous. She and pretty Ethel Harbin had made life endurable for the gay young officers who came over on the ship. The pretty wives of certain captains and lieutenants had small scope for their blandishments at close range. Flirtations were hard to manage in space so small. The two girls were therefore in a state of siege most of the time. The subject following fell away perceptibly when the broader field of action on shore gave their married sisters a chance to maneuver with some degree of security. A faithful few remained in train, however. Ethel Harbin, like the ingenue in the play, had like finger clumsily but tightly wrapped with a breathing uniform of blue. It must be admitted in shame, however, that she changed the bandages often and without conscience or ceremony.

Jane's admirers were in love with her. She was not the sort to inspire

ported him long enough. Mrs. Harbin could never be anything more than a private in the ranks, so far as his estimation of distinction was concerned. His daughter, Ethel, had, by means of no uncertain favoritism, advanced a few points ahead of her mother and might have ranked as sergeant in the family corps.

Mrs. Harbin played cards, drank highballs, flirted with the younger officers, got talked about with pleasing emphasis and was as happy as any subordinate could be. They had not even thought of such a thing as divorce, and the whole army wondered and expressed disgust. The army's appetite for scandal is surpassed only by its bravery in war. It is even hinted that the latter is welcomed as a loophole for the former. War brings peace.

The arrival of the Harbins and a staff of gay young cadets fresh from the banks of the Hudson put new life into the recluses. The regiment was to remain at the Presidio for several months before sailing. One of the lieutenants was Chicago boy and an acquaintance of Graydon Bansemer. It was from him that Jane learned that her sweetheart was a soldier in the service, doubtless now in Luzon.

A week before the sailing of Colonel Harbin's transport Jane suddenly announced that she had but one desire on earth, and that was to go to Manila with her aunt. She did not present her plea with the usual claim of a wife who wanted to be of service to her country. She was not asking to go out as a heroine of the ordinary type. Instead she simply announced that she wanted to go as a temporary member of Colonel Harbin's family, to endure their hardships and to enjoy their enthusiasms. Mrs. Cable recognized the true motive, however.

Her pleadings were in vain. The Harbins had lucklessly urged Jane to join them. Telegrams flew back and forth across the continent, and David Cable came on to present his feeble objections.

When the great transport sailed away, Jane Cable was one of her passengers, the ward of the regiment.

"It's just for a little while, dad," she said wistfully at the dock: "a few months. I'll think of you every minute I'm away."

The blood of the man in the service was calling to her. The ocean was between them. The longing to be near him, to tread the same soil, to conquer in the eternal battle of love. After all, no matter how the end was attained, she was a creature of life, brought into the world to love and to be loved. She put the past behind her and began to build a new future—a future in which the adoration of Graydon Bansemer was the foundation.

The hope that makes all human averages was at the work of reconstruction. The youth was the builder. The month of destruction had not left a hopeless ruin as the heritage of dead impulses.

The world grew brighter as the ship forged westward. Each day sent warmer blood into her veins and a deeper light into her eyes. The new life was not inspired by the longing to be his wife, but to see him again and to comfort him. She would be no man's wife.

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and coming from an excellent southern family, he was a great favorite with all. Jane liked him better than any of the rest. She would have liked him still better had he been able to resist a tendency to boast of the stock from which he had sprung. The knowledge of her disadvantages in life, the contrast between their respective positions, all tended to emphasize the fact of fate, and she often found herself wondering how the spring of true aristocracy would conduct himself if he discovered that, after all, she was only a founding.

It was Lieutenant Bray who made inquiries at general headquarters and found, after considerable trouble, that Graydon Bansemer's company was in the north, subject to the requirements of Young, chief of scouts.

Irksome were the lazy summer months for Jane. She tired of the attention of men, she sickened with longing and anxiety. Day after day she prayed that the troops in the north might be relieved. She watched for the order that would call for their return from the wet lands above. Sickening was prevalent among the fighting corps; the wet season had undermined the health of many. Constant news came down to Manila of the minor engagements, and she looked at every report for news of Graydon. Colonel Harbin occasionally gave private advice from the north. She heard of Graydon's bravery more than once and glowed with pride. Down in her tired, anxious heart she was wondering if it were possible for her to go to the front in any capacity.

At last with October came the waning of the rainy season. November brought active fighting. A general offensive against Agulnaldo and his leader he controlled the north and his capture was imperative. Lawton and Young began operations on the right. McArthur on the center, with Wharton pushing forward on the extreme left. The insurgents fell back toward Taria. There were many big fights. San Jacinto and other places now were in history.

The Philippine society held forth at Malolos, reaching gradually into the country north. Sick and wounded men came into the hospitals daily and in larger numbers than one would have supposed. The villages, or barrios, all along the line of advance saw their convents turned into hospitals. As fast as possible the nurses were hurried up to them. Men and women in this noble service did heroic, faithful work both for the white and for the brown who went down. From the field hospitals the men were taken to the convents and treated until they were able to be moved to Manila.

Further north fled Agulnaldo and the Filipinos. Wheaton, who was ordered to cut off his retreat; Young was killed; Cunningham took charge of the scouts who scoured the country. Parties of ten to fifteen picked men fell out in advance of the main body, seeking to destroy the enemy's communications. These brave fellows attracted the attention of the enemy, exposed themselves to all the treacheries of warfare and afterward were mustered out with a kind word from the department. They were the men who tested the territory. It was with one of these scouting parties that Graydon Bansemer ventured far into the enemy's country early in November.

(To be Continued.)

WOMAN WOUNDED GETTING DECOY IN BLACKMAIL PLOT

Mrs. Stringer Accused of Writing Letters Demanding \$30,000.</